

Livingston Family Newsletter



Volume 30, Issue 1, January 2003

FAMILY Reunion

Join us as we return to our roots – did you know many of your ancestors settled in Birch Creek, Utah? Well, mark your calendars for the Livingston Family Reunion to be held in Birch Creek, Utah. Friday and Saturday, June 13 and 14, 2003. Lots of fun activities are planned – you won't want to miss any of them. Schedule:

- Fri Arrive and set up camp
- 6:00 Dinner (see menu and registration form below)
- 7:30 Campfire program
- Sat 7:30- Breakfast – provided by the
- 9:00 Organization
- 9:30 Field trip: Ft. Green Cemetery
- 10:30 Business Meeting (children's activities)
- 11:30 Walking tour of Birch Creek
- 12:30 Lunch (bring your own)
- 1:30 Depart

The dinner Friday night will be catered by a local company and will be an all-you-can-eat Southern BBQ!

- * Slow cooked BBQ beef, pork, and chicken
- * Potatoes
- Salad
- Home-made Root Beer
- Dessert
- Utinsels provided - just send your check and bring your appetite!

There will be plenty of camping places at the original family land holdings in Birch Creek (now owned by our cousin, Donley Despain). However, if you aren't a camper, don't let that keep you away. Here are some of the hotel accommodations close by:

Ephraim

Iron Horse Motel, 435-283-4223 (10 rooms)
 Travel inn Motel, 435-283-4070 (14 rooms)
 Willow Creek Inn, 435-283-4566 (58 rooms)

Fairview

Skyline Motel, 435-427-3312 (10 rooms)

Fountain Green

Country Paradise Motel, 435-528-7521 (4 rooms)
 Gunnison Motel, 435-528-7840 (16 rooms)

Manti

Manti Country Village Motel, 435-835-9300, 800-452-0787 (23 rooms)
 Manti Motel, 435-835-8533 (12 rooms)
 Temple View Lodge, 435-835-6663, 888-505-7566 (12 rooms)
 The Yardley Inn and Spa, 345-835-1861, 800-858-6634 (8 rooms)

Mt. Pleasant

Horseshoe Mountain Lodge Motel
 435-462-9330, 800-462-9330 (21 rooms)

Nephi

Safari Motel, 435-623-1071 (28 rooms)
 Best Western Paradise Inn, 435-623-0624 (40 rooms)
 Nephi Super 8 Motel, 435-623-0888 (41 rooms)
 Roberta's Cove Motor Inn, 435-623-2629, 800-456-6460 (43 rooms)
 Starlight Motel, 675 S Main, 435-623-4000 (24 rooms)

Come join us for any or all of the activities. Camping is not required. We'd love to see you!



We will need to give the caterer an approximate number by June 1. Therefore, we are asking if you are interested in participating in the dinner that you fill out and return the form with your check for the meals no later than May 28. Questions? Contact any of the Board members.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

_____ Adult meals @ \$12.00 each = \$ _____

_____ Children's (age 5-12 yrs) meals @ \$6.00 each = \$ _____

_____ Children under 5 are free

Total of check \$ _____

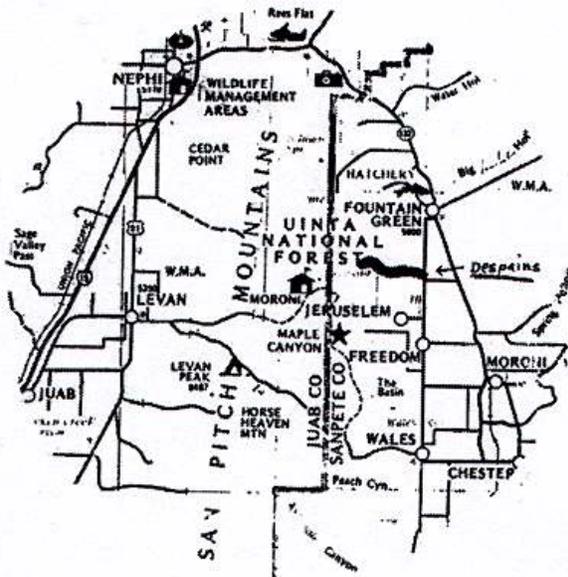
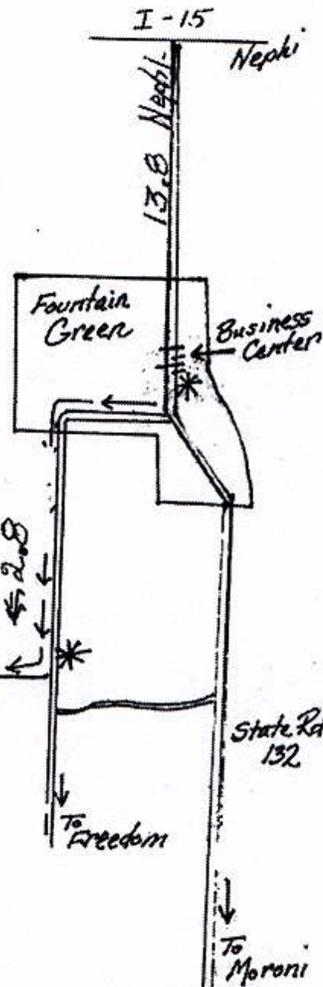
make checks payable to Livingston Family Organization



mail to: 1283
Logan Avenue,
SLC, UT 84105

Directions to Despain Property in Birch Creek

Go South on I-15 to Nephi. Take 2nd exit
(to Manti), State Road #132 east through
Nephi Canyon to south end of Fountain
Green. (13.8 miles on #132). Turn right at
"Wales, Maple Canyon (400 South)" sign, go
2.8 miles. Turn right and go .2 mile to site.



Keep this page somewhere safe to refer to as
you make your Vacation / Reunion Plans
See you in Birch Creek!

Dues are Due!

As you know, we have never had a set amount for dues in our organization. The suggested amount is \$20, but if you can only give \$10, that is fine. Some give more and it is much appreciated. Please be generous, newsletters and reunion costs add up. You can mail it in or bring it to the reunion. We love hearing from you and hope to see you all in Birch Creek!



We have a Mystery!
And we don't have a clue!
"Elementary my dear Livingston Family Member"
But we have a prime Suspect;
And that Suspect is YOU!
The crime scene we place you last because we
have the key evidence
Evidence that links you to the missing FAMILY we
seek to find.

To avoid a detail interrogation
From the MONSTROUS Livingston Family
Recruitment Officer

Send her the names and address
Of those lost or misplaced extended family in kind
Help close the case with all family contact
information KNOWN!
Look in your address books and find those KIDS
that have departed from home,
Start now, before this earth life you leave
Bless those KIDS of yours
With golden opportunities to serve
AND carry on those WONDERFUL GENEALOGY
FAMILY CHORES!

Livingston Family Organization
1283 Logan Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84105
lfo_board@yahogroups.com

SEND name and address information along with
email address of new family members. If you are
already on our mailing list, we would like to reduce
costs and send out information and newsletters
electronically. So if you have an email address we
could send your information to, please send us that.
We hope to have the next newsletter ready to send
via email – so don't delay, send us your info today!

The Livingston Family is a bunch of great people
don't miss the chance to read and learn about Past
and Present Livingston Family Members.

2003 Reunion Report

Last year the reunion was at Zions Ponderosa in Zions National Park. It was an incredibly beautiful place and a lot of fun. Though we were few in numbers, we had a great time and a good meeting. All kinds of fun things were going on for all ages to participate in. Cory and Lisa Child were very gracious hosts. Dale Livingston, Janet Feeney and Ross Livingston were elected to the board. Nate Aiken was appointed to fill a vacant seat and his term will expire this year along with Mary Livingston and Ted Livingston.



Sanpete County Attractions

Just in case you get bored with the Family Group, here are some other activities/places to visit around Birch Creek. Check out the web sites for more information.

http://www.sanpete.com/sanpete_links.html

Maple Canyon

(http://www.leang.com/kam/scrabpk/maple_canyon_07_09_00/)

Fairview Museum of History and Art

(<http://www.sanpete.com/FairviewMuseum/>)

Historic Spring City

(<http://www.snow.edu/~oallred/Spring.htm>)

Manti Temple

(<http://lds.org/temples/main/0,11204,1912-1-39-1,00.html>)

Moroni Feed Company Turkey Plant

Pallisade State Park (<http://parks.state.ut.us/parks/www1/pali.htm>)

Mormon Miracle Pageant June 19-21 & 24-28

(<http://www.mormonmiracle.org/>)

GOOD NEWS

We have learned that Ron Livingston is in the process of having the Archibald Livingston (1808) book reprinted. Many of us have longed for the day when we could get a copy of this wonderful book. While the new book will have some corrections, those corrections are being made 'by hand' and there will be no new information added. The book will be hard bound, and of similar high quality to the original publication, though the cover will probably be different. The cost of the book is anticipated to be \$115, and all orders must be prepaid to Ron by March 31. For more information, contact Ron Livingston at 801-225-6661.



Donley Leland Despain

I was born in the home my Grandfather Peter M Oldroyd had owned. I remember mom telling me that her pa had bought a two room house and added 3 rooms to it over several years. The two front rooms were red brick and the three rear ones were frame.

The house in Birch Creek was a small 3 room frame house and I remember being very happy. The outhouse was down a path and we used the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs, ½ sheet at a time to make it last until the next catalogs came.

There were lots of fruit trees, raspberries, gooseberries, and a vegetable garden all around the house. Grandma helped me plant my own little garden and boy was I proud of it. I watched it come up and one night after dark I snuck away to weed. When they found me, the whole thing was gone, so Grandma helped me plant another one.

Grandma would sit me on her lap and tell me stories. I remember my feet getting cold, so I'd put a Sears catalog on the oven door and put my feet right in the oven. I would also heat the catalogs or rocks in the oven, wrap them in towels and take them to bed.

One of the first things I remember was going with Grandma to gather eggs. She taught me to never reach into a hens nest for eggs until I looked for snakes. I would lift the hen, listen for a rattle, look and if there was no snake you would take the eggs. Rattlesnakes were everywhere. We found snakes daily. We would call and Mom or Aunt Zoe, Dad or even Grandma would come with a shovel or hoe and off would go a head. Once Aunt Zoe missed and only got the rattlers. All summer we worried about a snake with no rattlers.

Christmas was special. The first one I remember, Grandma woke me up early to tell me Santa had been there. When I went to the tree there was a little red wagon and a little black puppy sitting in it. Everywhere I went I pulled the wagon. I still have the wagon. We always had a tree with lots of pretty things on it and candles on about every limb.

When I was three, my sister Vonda was born. I always looked out for her. I remember holding her by the skirt trying to keep a tarantula from getting her. We were on the porch. Under the bench the thing would jump at her and I would hit it with a little broom. Mom finally came and saved her. We put it in a jar. It was as big around as the bottle. When Vonda was just a couple of years old she got really sick. The doctor came. He would let any of us in with her. Dr. Dyce said she had diphtheria. Her throat was swollen shut. I don't think they thought she would live. I was on the porch and heard what was being said. The doctor painted her throat and taught Mom and grandma how to do it. He came by daily for a while. She finally got better. No one else got sick, it was a miracle.

Dr. Dyce would come when anyone was sick. We had a crank phone to call him. If the phone was dead, Dad would go to Fountain Green to call. We paid him with ham, potatoes, fruit, bread, wheat or other produce.

Grandma and Mom were good cooks. We always had good food. I remember ham, beef, chicken, pork, potatoes, gravy, vegetables of all kinds, bread, vermonge pudding, cookies, sweet rolls, apple dumplings and even bread and honey. Grandma and Mom had to bottle their own food from meet to vegetables and fruit. Dad would sometimes bring oranges or bananas from town. That was really a treat. I would make one last all day. When he brought a Hershey bar, it would last several days. Mom and grandma even fed all the tramps that came by nearly everyday.

My cousin, Guy Gee, and I thought green apples wouldn't make us sick if we put enough salt on them. I never remember getting sick from them! My best friend at Birch Creek was my cousin, Guy. When we would hear the train we would run to the track and wave at the engineer. He would wave, blow the whistle and blast us with steam. It felt really wet. We put nails, washer, and lots of pieces of metal on the tracks and when we heard the train coming we would run as fast as we could to check on our treasures that had been run over. The train was a beautiful thing to see and hear. Aunt Agnes and Aunt Zoe, Guy, Beth and I would walk the rails to Fountain Green to Primary. It was 3 miles each way. A few times the train happened by and gave us a ride. What fun! When we got to primary and they sang songs I had never heard before, the only way I could keep up with the city kids was to sing the line they sang right after them. I thought I was doing great until everybody started to laugh. I've never sang another line since, at least when I thought someone could hear me.

I really liked to hammer on the anvil in the black smith shop and dad would tell me I shouldn't do it. It would really make a noise that sounded good to me. After a while I knew I had to stop or daddy would come.

One day we were having a real ringing time when I stopped, but Guy wouldn't, so I put my bare toe on the anvil to stop him. Well, he mashed my big toe all over the anvil, I sure did learn a lesson that day. As to shoes, I don't remember when I first wore them, but I do remember how bad they hurt, and how I only wore them when I was forced to and hated every minute of it. My feet were so tough that even thistles and prickly pears didn't hurt, at least not as bad as shoes. I only wore shoes to keep my feet warm in the winter, and I didn't even like them then. My feet just weren't made to fit shoes. They always got sore when I wore shoes. I still run around without them when I can. The anvil was owned by my great-grandpa, James Campbell Livingston.

Grandma was always my bed partner. She was really good to me. I liked to sleep outside in summer where I could hear the night critters and the ditch, and see the moon and stars. Grandma told me lots of stories. I remember her telling about the crickets after the pioneers came to Salt Lake City. She also told me of the time her father, James Campbell Livingston, got his arm blown off while working in a quarry in the Salt Lake mountains. She told of listening to the saw while the stump was repaired so he could get a hook installed on it. She also told of many times the Indians came to Birch Creek and set up camp east of where the garage used to be. She told of feeding them and worrying all the time they were there.

Everyone was very careful with everything, never wasting anything. Food was not wasted and what couldn't be used was fed to the pigs, dogs and cats. Even the dish water went to the pigs. When the crops were short we would do anything to feed the livestock. We would cut limbs off the trees for the livestock. We would all – men, women and children, take the wagons and go to pick acorns. It would be a good time and we would fill bags with the little nuts and the pigs loved them and grew fat. That way we didn't have to feed them our grain. We could keep it for flour and mush. We'd always have a picnic and lots of fun.

A big experience each fall was to load the wagon with wheat and go to Moroni to have it turned into flour and mush. We would get enough to last a year. There were two mills there. Dad would think one was the best one year and the next year the other one better. The miller would either take money or some of the grain for the job. Dad always gave him some grain. It would take all day and we would have a picnic, and by night I would be dead tired and sleep all the way home. The flour felt a little warm and smelled good.

There was a little creek right by the house. I loved it and it felt good to wade in. I think my cousin Beth fell in and went under the bridge. Clarissa, my cousin, caught Beth as she came out the other side and everyone thought she saved her life. I remember lots of excitement that day. We would dip water from the creek for our drinking water and household use. The water we drank or used for cooking had to be strained through a cloth to get rid of debris and wigglers. I learned when thirsty to lay down and drink right from the creek. We had to strain the wigglers and rock rollers out with our teeth. We didn't have a refrigerator, so to keep things cool, dad nailed an egg crate to a post, covered it with several layers of gunnysacks, with another one over the front. A pan with little holes on the top of it, would leak just enough water to keep the sacks wet and cause evaporation to keep it cool. We just had to keep putting water in the pan. It was hung right by the creek. I really liked for Fall to come so we could have Jello. It wouldn't set up in the summer. In the spring it was neat to go with dad to clean the ditch. I would look for sego lilies and call dad to dig them for me. Dad would walk up the creek and check for dead animals. If he found one, we would carry water from Lew Lund's well until the creek cleared up. Grandma and I would carry most of it. I had my own little bucket. I think the creek was cleaner. I would look down the well and see all kinds of things floating on the water, even dead rats. I really don't know how any of us ever lived so long.

One day a week was wash day. They would gather wood, build a fire, carry and heat all the water and go to work. Some clothes were boiled in a copper boiler, some were scrubbed on a scrubbing board, some were washed in a washer that was operated by hand and some went through all three operations. One night a week was bath night. It took a lot of carrying of water and heating it, so everyone could bathe. Grandma and mom would take two or three days to make their own soap. They made their soap out of grease and lye. Grandma always washed her long hair with the best of it.

One time when the car broke down, dad took it apart and put the motor in the wagon with the eggs and milk cans, to go to Fountain Green. Dad was sitting on a milk can driving and mom, Vonda and I were in the back with all the other things. As we were going down through town one wheel hit a hole and the milk can tipped over. Dad fell out of the wagon and it scared the team. They ran more than a block and one went on each side of a light pole. I remember Vonda and I were really crying and mom telling us to be calm as it would soon be over. The next thing I knew the wagon, car parts, eggs, and cream were scattered all over the road. I

wasn't hurt at all. Vonda had her lip cut clear through and two front teeth knocked out. Mom was really hurt bad. I think her back was broken. She laid in bed for weeks and then walked with the aid of a chair for many more weeks. I remember dad having a sore neck. Mom was sick lots of the time. I guess it was being pregnant with us three kids and the runaway. She never did complain but just kept going and doing what she could. Once when dad was sick, she and I went to do the chores one night and as she fed the cows, I saw a chipmunk. I guess all boys like to throw rocks, well it was too much to miss, so I grabbed a big one. The chipmunk was right on the other side of mom on the fence, so I yelled for her to move twice, when she didn't, I three anyway and hit her right over her eye. Down she went and all I could way was, "why didn't you move?"

Medicine was pretty simple and not much was to be had. Every spring mom liked to give us a Spring Tonic of sagebrush tea (awful). Grandma was nicer. She gave us Hop tea (not too bad). For headaches, we put a set of rattlesnake rattles in our hat band. For cuts, scrapes, blisters, bums and slivers we used Rawleys Salve. For slivers we couldn't get out, blood poisons and infected sores, we used "bread and milk poultices". For coughs and sore throats, it was honey and ginger. Sometimes they used a head band wet with menthol or dirty socks around the throat. If we had a chest cold or problems breathing, it was mustard plasters front and back. For sprains, sore muscles, leg aches, etc., they used Watkins Liniment.

Our house in Fountain Green was a two room house when my Grandpa Oldroyd got married and bought it for his bride. There was a fireplace in one end for heat. In the other room was a steep stairway to an attic area which never was finished, except for a wood floor. There were two windows one on each end. Some of his kids slept up there as they grew up. Under the front room was a fruit cellar. Grandpa started to build another room onto the house on the east side. He just got the floor started and some walls, when the church called him on a mission to Oklahoma, Indian Territory. He left the unfinished house and his wife and several kids and was gone over two years. When he came back he completed the room and later added two more rooms.

By the time we moved into the house, the fireplace had been covered over and replaced with a wood or coal stove. The kitchen stove was for cooking and heating. After I came from the army, I put some walls in and made a bathroom and pantry. It sure made home a lot nicer. After the bathroom we got a Stokermatic in the front room, so the heat was automatic, if we kept coal in it. It would warm three rooms.

Dad raised sugar beets and the spring after I was seven, I thinned beets for him. He would block the rows and cut out all the beets except a little bunch about every eight inches. I would follow him and pull every one out except one. I would crawl on my hands and knees, straddle one row and thin it and the one on each side, three rows at a time. My knees and hands would get so sore they would bleed. Sometimes it was hard to get my pants off at night, cue to the blood sticking them to my skin. Mom would sew me some knee pads and finally the store started to seel little rubber fingers, which really helped my fingers. I did this for dad the first year and then I started to thin beets for Uncle Clint (mom's brother) and other farmers for several years. The longer the rows the more I got per row, from 5 to 20 cents. Tier rows were the longest. There would be 10 to 12 kids in each field. When one was complete we would move on to the next field and start over. This way I would get enough to buy my school clothes.

Under the stairway to the attic, there was a cubbyhole. Every time we had a thunder storm, mom would put Vonda, me and herself in there until the storm passed over. Uncle Clint had been hit by lightning three times and mom was scared to death of it.

When I was 12, I got to be a Boy Scout. I went all the way to Eagle, except for my swimming and life saving merit badges. I never had time to learn to swim. I did become a Scoutmaster and served for about 18 years. I did help lots of boys get their Eagle badges.

I started in the hay when I was 12 years old. The men would pitch it on to the wagon and I would stack and tromp it into place. If the wagon tipped over or the load slipped off, I was to blame. I had to put every fork of hay in the right place, keeping the sides, front and back straight up and down. The middle had to be a little higher than the edges. If I did it right we would get it to the barn, if not then we would reload it and start over. Most of this was done for Uncle Clint. I got \$1 a day and it finally went up to \$1.25. Uncle Lee taught me a lot about watering. Aunt Nettie had two sons, Leonard and Melvin. One summer I went up to Sandy to pick beans for Melvin Cowley and his wife, Dorothy. I got homesick. It was there that I saw my first airplane. They were two engine planes, about 12 of them, getting ready for World War II. Melvin had older foster kids working and they would steal my beans before they were weighed. So I lost a lot of my wages. That was where I tasted my first black olive. I thought it was fruit, it was awful.

When I got a little older, I saved my money and Howard Stillwell gave me a real good deal, I bought his son's bicycle. He mostly gave it to me. He owned one for the town stores. When I was about 14, I worked in the store for him in the winter. I still worked in the beets and hay during the other seasons.

I had good friends in Fountain Green. We spent time in scouting and rode our bikes all over. We went fishing lots in the creek in Fountain Green, Wales Reservoir and Salt Creek Canyon. I really did like to fish.

When I went to the Fountain Green schools, I got along great. I had some good teachers. I was always kind of a teachers pet. When I got into Junior High, I took shop classes. That's when I got interested in woodwork and carpentry. I guess it set my life. I would work extra hours in the shop and learned a lot.

Mr. Westinshow supplied the money and set me up in the turkey business. He wanted us to be partners for two years and then I would be on my own. The first year I put my turkeys with Urban Madsen's and herded the whole flock. I would move them up and down his fields, to keep them on clean ground. Urban furnished the land and I herded them. We both paid for our own share of the feed. I had the biggest birds ever grown in the valley and I didn't lose many birds. Some of the toms weighed over 42 pounds. When we killed them I could tell mine because I had cut off one toe and split one web on each poult. I made over \$1500 that year. After one year with the turkeys, I couldn't bring myself to get deferred from the army. So I dropped out of my senior year at school and went. After serving in the army I came back and finished high school and graduated with Vonda. I still am included in my original graduating class of 1945. I never got into the turkey business again.

The war ended August 15, 1945, I turned 18 on August 22. I went in the army the first of January. I went to Fort Lewis, Washington for basic training, then to Cook and Bakers school. I didn't like that, but it turned out to be a good life in the army. I really hoped they would send me to a base in Kansas. But I was sent to Japan, during the occupation. While there I joined the 11th Airborne Paratroopers, and I made several parachute jumps. I really liked that. I was lucky and only had to serve a short time, about 15 months, before I was discharged. When I got home I used by GI bill and learned to fly and got my license. I went to Central Utah Vocational School for one year, then to Snow College for another year. I studied woodwork and carpentry.

While I was working in Provo, Utah, as a carpenter, Jan Coombs came home from his mission and I got him a job with me, so we lived together in a basement apartment in Provo. One day we came home from work and a girl was waiting. She was a girl that Jay had converted to the church in the Dakotas. He has to find a place for her to live. They checked the bulletin board at BYU and found the apartment that my future wife lived in. That's how I met Gloria Nichols, she was going to BYU. We met in February of 1952, and married in the Manti Temple June 27, 1952. She was from New Orleans, LA. She was the best thing that ever happened to me.

I did most everything the church asked me to do and worked up through the Aaronic Priesthood. About three years before I met Gloria, James L. Neilson ordained me to the office of Elder. Dad and mom never had the money to send me on a mission. I am now a high priest.

We have three sons and one daughter: Donley Leland Despain, Jr., born Feb 21, 1954, Thomas Scott Despain, born June 12, 1955, Ronald Kelly Despain, born May 17, 1957, Leann Despain, born April 9, 1968 a baby girl we adopted when we went on a building mission to Australia. So I got to go on a mission after all. What a blessing my children are and our grandchildren.

I have been in building all my life. We have lived in Orem, Utah all our married life, except for the five years we were in Australia. I have seen so many changes in the way people live, from the horse and buggy to people in space. We have a great life. I have truly been blessed. I love my wife dearly, and my family. We have so many wonderful friends. I know that the Church is the reason all of the good things in my life has happened. We are now getting ready to celebrate our 50th anniversary on June 27, 2002.



Donley Leland Despain
1927 -



Thomas Leland Despain
1896 - 1989



Janet Russell Livingston
1855 - 1937



James Campbell Livingston
1823 - 1909



Agnes Widdison
1830 - 1920